

**DR. TAFFY.**

By Hilda Richmond.

"Really, we must not take off our wraps," said Mrs. Blossom. "We are on our way to have Dr. Canby pull George's tooth. Let Aunt Fanny see where your tooth is loose, dear. Papa wanted to pull it this morning, but George thinks the dentist will hurt him less."

"I don't want it pulled at all," said George. "I don't want to look like Molly Peters. The boys and girls all laugh at her because she hasn't a single front tooth."

"But, George, you don't want to go all your life with a baby tooth instead of a real one, do you?" asked Aunt Fanny.

"This tooth is good enough, and it's only a little bit loose," said George. "Mamma, please let me have the money you would pay the doctor, and let me keep the tooth. You know papa said I might have the money if I would let him pull it out."

"We'll see," said his mamma. "I think we will stay here a little while, for I see Dr. Canby coming down street. He will not be in his office if we do go. I will watch to see if he comes back soon."

Aunt Fanny brought out some taffy she had just finished, and George forgot all about his tooth in helping to pull it. It was cold and cut in cunning ropes and blocks and twists before the dentist went back, and by that time George was anxious to taste the candy.

"I've found something hard in the taffy!" cried George. "Look! It's a little white stone or something!"

"Look again!" laughed Aunt Fanny. "Are you sure it is a stone?"

"It's my tooth!" cried George. "What do you think of that?"

"I think Dr. Taffy cheated Dr. Canby this time," said his mamma. "You may have the money for the tooth pulling, though I think Aunt Fanny should have it for making the taffy."

Aunt Fanny would not take the money when George offered it to her, so in the end it went into a small pocket for a little while. "I'm going to tell all the boys and girls about Dr. Taffy," said George. "I wonder why dentists don't pull teeth that way?"

"It would be a fine plan," said Aunt Fanny, "but I have not heard of any one taking it up. Have you?"

—Herald and Presbyterian.

**ASK THE PRICE.**

A lesson had been given on the composition of minerals of different kinds, and, after it was finished the schoolmaster put a few questions to the class, to test how far they had followed his teachings.

"Now, children," he said, "can any of you tell me what a diamond is?"

"Carbon," was the prompt reply that issued from every throat in the class.

"Yes," the teacher explained, "a diamond is pure carbon; but you must remember that coal is also carbon. That was taught in our lesson, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, how could you be sure to tell the difference between the two kinds of carbon?"

"Ask the price!" lustily piped a little fellow in the front seat, who will most likely make his mark in business some day.—Selected.

## Our Wee Little Ones

**THE FIRST LETTER.**

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl nine years old. I go to the graded school and like it. I also go to Sunday-school and like my teacher very much. I have two sisters who are off visiting and my sweet little kitten which keeps me company. Our pastor is Rev. James Thomas and we like him very much. I feel sorry for the little sick girl and hope we will hear from her again through your good paper. I don't want to tire you with a long letter the first time so will close by asking a question. Why are you a Presbyterian?

Your little friend,  
Margaret Barron.

Shelby, N. C.

**BATHING IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.**

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl six years old. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school. My grandma takes your paper and I love to read the children's letters. I went to school last year and have passed into the second grade. Sometimes I go into the Gulf of Mexico bathing. As this is my first letter I hope to see it in print.

Your friend,  
Fannie Mabel Welch.

Sarasota, Fla.

**A CHILD'S PRAYER.**

"Jesus, Friend of little children,  
Be a Friend to me,  
Take my hand and ever keep me  
Close to thee.

"Teach me how to grow in goodness  
Daily as I grow;  
Thou hast been a child, and surely  
Thou dost know."

**THE BETTER WAY.**

"Here comes mama," said Janie. "Oh, mamma! Must I save some candy for Grace?"

"I think a good little sister would."  
"But Grace didn't give me any yesterday."

"Didn't she? How did you like that?"  
"I didn't like it at all. And I want to make her not like it, too. I think she is real mean."

"Dear, dear! And is mamma to have two mean little girls, then?"

Janie looked at her mother, and was quiet a minute. Then she ran and threw her arms around her neck, and said: "No, no, mamma dear! You shall not have any mean little girls at all! I guess Grace forgot; and I'll go and give her some of my candy now, so she won't ever forget again!"—My lesson.

**A SURPRISE.**

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl nine years old. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school. Rev. J. J. Hill is our pastor and I like him very much. I enjoy the letters in this paper very much. Hoping to see this in print as I want to surprise my mother and father,

Your new friend,  
Ruth McCreevey.

Columbus, Miss.

**RECITES THE CATECHISM EVERY WEEK.**

Dear Presbyterian: I am nearly twelve years old. I live in town right close to the station. My oldest sister wrote to you about two months ago, but you did not print it. Mamma takes your paper and we enjoy reading it very much. Mamma is a Presbyterian, but there is no Presbyterian Church in this county, so we go to the Lutheran Sunday-school every Sunday. I recite the Child's Catechism every week and most always know it. Our pastor is Rev. J. A. Huffard. I have four sisters and two brothers. I will close. Hope to see my letter in print.

Your little unknown friend,  
Pauline Shaffer.

Luray, Va.